Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O Monsire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue. I will haue forte moys.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?

French. Monsier Fer.

Boy. He saies his name is Master *Fer*.

Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him!

Boy discus the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, whats French

For fer, ferit and ferkt.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.

Boy. Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.

Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge.

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious raunsome, dye.

One poynt of a foxe,

French. Qui dit ill monsiere.

Ill dit ye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ransome, ill vou tueres.

French. O lee vous en pri petrit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey lee donerees pour mon ransome

Cinquante ocios, le suyes vng gentelhome de *France*.

Pist. What sayes he boy?

Boy. Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great

House, of *France*: and for his ransome,

He will giue you 500. crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take.

And as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.

King. Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,

Twise vp againe:

From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,

Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.

Suffolke first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,

Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yane vpon his face,

And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin *Suffolke*:

My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:

Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:

And in this glorious and well foughten field,

We kept togither in our chiualdry.

Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,

With blood he sealed. An argument

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,

Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,

But I not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must conuert to teares.

Alarum soundes.

What new alarum is this?

Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.

Pist. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

Enter